

A Family Christmas Story

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/44889784) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/44889784>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Underage Sex
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Original Work
Relationship:	Original Male Character/Original Male Character
Character:	Original Male Character(s)
Additional Tags:	Father/Son Incest , Incest , Implied Mpreg , Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Ambiguous Age , Werewolves , Mating Cycles/In Heat , Mating Bites , Pheromones , Mildly Dubious Consent , Breeding
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Burke Family Tales
Stats:	Published: 2023-02-09 Words: 3,475 Chapters: 1/1

A Family Christmas Story

by [all_in_the_family](#)

Summary

Chris finds himself giving an unexpected gift to his son.

Notes

I have two different big ol' incest mpreg family concepts that I'm hoping to slowly write things for and post on this account. Open to concept requests in the comments but the characters do already exist and there are some plot points I already have planned.

Thanks for reading!

Chris is getting too old for this, but there's only so much longer he'd be able to get away with it. Dressing up for Christmas as Santa Claus was a tradition he started when Aspen was three, sneaking around the house a little too loudly so the boy could catch him as he drank the milk and ate the cookies and laid out the presents that he and Ollie (read: Ollie) spent so long ensuring were impeccably wrapped. He even once got "caught" making out with Ollie in the kitchen to let Aspen believe the song "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus" was written about him.

But now, Aspen was old enough to know the truth of Santa, and Fox and Crow would certainly be following soon, leaving no Burke children young enough to make the tradition worth it. So he worked his way into the red pants and the heavy boots and the fluffy hat and went about his evening. Eat cookies, check. Footprints in snow outside, check. Stockings in the twins' room, check. Last is Aspen's room before unpacking the bag in the den and heading back to bed beside Ollie for the two hours before the kids "woke them up" to open gifts before sunrise.

He smells it before he opens the door.

Unsure of *why* he smells it, Chris steps inside to confirm the scent is coming from Aspen's room, and is assaulted by the smell of it, dropping the bag on the floor as the heady musk of it fills his nose. But nothing looks amiss – Aspen lays in the bed, pure and blond and beautiful as he's always been, shirtless with his one arm thrown over his head revealing the thin coarse hair growing underneath in his budding manhood.

Chris and Ollie had just had *the talk* with Aspen about his werewolf biology; how he was of age to be fertile now, but it would be at least two or three years before he had his first proper heat or rut as he presented. Chris hadn't had his own until he was nearly seventeen, a full year after the average for the local wolf pack's teens.

So why does the room reek of heat?

Not quite heat. A specially designed heat-scented cologne made for human partners of alpha wolves that normally sat on a high shelf in Ollie's closets for use when Chris is due for his rut. It's gently magical, meant to give a human the endurance to sate their partner and, if desired (as it was when Ollie purchased it), to raise receptivity to being bred with pups. It allowed Chris' rut to run its course without issue and at least once caused it to come *early* when Ollie misread their heat schedule and applied it a week too soon. But the one downside is it always smelled a little *too* sweet, like the difference between real lemon and lemon flavoring, so standing there in the doorway of his young teen son's room, Chris could tell it wasn't a proper heat – Aspen was sleeping too peacefully for that anyway – but instead the cologne he and Ollie kept hidden for when it was necessary.

Chris steps forward in spite of his confusion, drawn closer by the scent quite literally designed to draw him in. He's fully hard in the furry red pants before he reaches the edge of the bed to kneel on the mattress, leaning in with an inquisitive sniff. The wolf senses he possesses light up like a wildfire, and Chris is certain Aspen must have *bathed* in the stuff to

smell this strong but that's one of the last fully formed thoughts he has before the sheer horniness washing through him takes over and melts his brain to pure instinct.

Without thinking, Chris pushes the coat off his shoulders and drops it on the floor, revealing the spreading hair on his chest broken up only by the black suspenders needed to hold the overly large pants in place, and leans over his son, softly, so softly, dragging the tip of his nose up the side of the undressed boy to inhale the scent coming off him in thick waves that stroked the part of Chris' mind that was an alpha animal more than a man, a teacher, or a father.

He growled low in his throat as his nose neared the boy's armpit, and still gently enough for now to allow Aspen to keep sleeping, Chris pressed his nose into the warm skin. Here, the scent mixes with the warm, familiar scent of Aspen, and Chris can't stop the urge to press his face fully into the soft divot of Aspen's underarm to breathe in the chorus of smells, creating an intense flood of deep, fatherly love, and punishing, rut-thick horniness that blended inside of him and took control of Chris' mind. He inhaled deep once, twice, then slowly dragged the length of his tongue over the sparse hair to taste his prey, a primal test that led a wolf to breed a partner or abandon them based on the results. A test Aspen clearly passed, as Chris grabbed the wrist to keep the arm pinned above his son's head and began to lick in thick, broad strokes over soft blond hair and smooth, warm skin with a fervor of a dog licking his master after a long time apart. Chris pressed his face in enough that he couldn't stop his teeth from occasionally catching on skin as he lapped, tongued, bathed the skin, rolling his face in the growing dampness until his lips were slick and his face was shining with his own spit, now imbued with that combination of scents, making it entirely inescapable, even when Chris pulled back.

He sees his dark eyes reflected in his son's light blue ones, open now, staring at him as he panted for air and shivered at the coolness spreading over his wet armpit when Chris stopped his assault. The boy's lips moved, he heard Aspen's voice, but the words were meaningless, Chris' brain fully flipped into the instinct of the wolf, too far in to be stopped now even if Aspen had asked him to.

Aspen didn't ask. In fact, Aspen reached down with his free hand and undid the fasten at the front of the Santa pants, palming the hardened cock that made him a decade and a half ago. Chris growls loud in response and grabs the hand, pinning that one to the mattress too, earning another sound from his son, a whimpered word that sounds like *Daddy* that went unacknowledged as Chris tilted into that stretch of pale skin along his son's neck and sniffed, breathing him in. He chased the inhalation with a soft, searching lick, an Alpha looking for his Omega's mating gland, to give a bite that will trigger the Omega's full heat to coincide with his rut. The lick finds nothing, so Chris licks again, too far gone to recall that his son is still too young to have an active gland, to even know if he's an Omega. The wolf doesn't care, approximates, and sinks his teeth in anyway, and Aspen howls, and through the bite, Chris howls along with him.

The mating had been accepted, as far as Chris was concerned. He released his bite, giving another quick lick to clean off the blood now dripping slowly from the broken skin left behind to seal it, before moving his way down the boy's scrawny chest. Mid growth-spurt, Aspen is all limbs and long bony expanses, soft-skinned ribs and high, cupping hip bones.

Chris searches for meat to bite, to mark, and finds himself wanting, and settles for a single pink, perked nipple, biting down *hard* on the nub, sending the boy below him shouting.

He tugs and releases, pulling the nerve to harden the nipple with repeated, sharp-toothed and suctioned bites, as if hoping to inspire the nub into releasing milk. Chris goes until the nub is red as a moan and shiny and hard as a ruby, angry and aching compared to its brother, still pale and pink and soft on the other side of the boy's chest.

Chris ignores the other, works his way down to the stomach, finds a little more, a *little* more he can bite, tug, leave marked with half-moons of flat indents and pinking with agonized pleasure. His hands move down the lengthening limbs of his son beneath him and come to grip around his thighs, pushing them back so Aspen's knees framed his own head, giving Chris the sight of his pretzeled son, flushed and moaning and trying to speak again as if Chris had any hope of understanding the words anyway.

To his credit, Chris' now sharp-toothed and furred face only twisted in confusion for only a single moment when he was faced with Aspen's soft plaid flannel pajamas instead of his hole, before leaning down and catching the fabric between his teeth and tugging it until it ripped away, revealing the soft pink entrance he's so hungry for.

Chris licks his way inside like a starving beast, his face pressed into the base of Aspen's balls for another thick hit of his scent, even as his tongue pushed deeper into his son's hole to work it open, switching back and forth between wide, wet, and lubricating licks and deep, penetrating jabs that made the boy under him twitch and moan. Aspen had pulled his own cock out over the waistband of his still-technically-on pajama bottoms, and his hard length was dripping thin, clear precum onto his own face. Chris continues until the boy's hole is drenched, the fabric remaining damp with spit, and Chris' lips are red and wet from mouthing along his boy's entrance. It took longer than Chris wanted, used to an Omega's natural lubrication kicking in after only a few licks. This Omega never produced any, so Chris just kept going until he was sufficiently sure the hole around his tongue could take his considerable girth.

He released his boy's thighs, nestled himself between them, lined the head of his cock with the revealed hole he had so diligently prepped –

And *slammed* in.

The shouted sobs are so loud the neighbors will knock on the door the next morning to make sure everyone is alright, but for now Chris is far too far gone to care about that kind of thing. Beneath him a beautiful young wolf was squirming as his father's length split open his virgin hole, impaled on a cock thicker than the boy's own scrawny wrist. Under the boy's screams and the wolf's growling there is a chorus of sounds that pound with the same rhythm of Chris' hips – Chris' balls slapping heavily against Aspen's hole, Aspen's head thudding dully against the headboard of the bed, the headboard of the bed thumping softly against the wall, the legs of the bed scraping squeakily over the wooden floorboards. Chris settles himself over Aspen's body and licks into his mouth – not kisses, genuinely *licks* into the boy's open mouth, muffling his shouts as his tongue excavates the small space. He pulls back a second, spits quickly inside, then reconnects again, coaxing his son's tongue into a slick, warm dance

as the animal thrusting of Chris' hips began to move faster still, barely seeking pleasure at this point.

One thrust catches slightly, tugging as the knot at the base of Chris' cock begins to inflate slightly signifying one thing and one thing only – rut, true and proper, triggered by the assault of the magical cologne on his senses. A spike of concern flashes through the back of Chris' lost mind, one thought of fatherly care as somewhere inside the beast of the wolf Chris realizes that Aspen is about to be victim to one of his father's full and proper ruts, something that Ollie barely made it through in one piece despite being nearly ten years older the first time he was subject to it. While Aspen had the benefit of werewolf biology on his side, an unrepresented wolf was still immature, and it wouldn't be the first time a young wolf was significantly injured by an uncontrolled alpha. But Chris is just that – uncontrolled, completely, and entirely unleashed from where the wolf sits when Chris is a thinking man, and nothing short of a tranquilizer dart would be able to prevent him now from breeding his mate.

Chris' thrusting slows slightly as the two parts of him war briefly, and when the wolf manages to smother the man back into the void to pick the speed back up, something has changed. The boy beneath him is no longer screaming – he's whimpering softly, head thrown back, arms braced on the headboard, throat arched in a gentle presentation of his neck. His skin is warm now, almost fever hot, shocking the air between them from December chill to balmy, sweat starting to bead in Chris' body hair.

And the smell. The extra, synthetic sweetness has faded now and bloomed into the full-bodied sweetness of *true* heat. The wolf keens at this, and the thrusting goes *faster* now, so deep and so fast that Chris can feel the head of his cock where his hand rests on Aspen's flat stomach, the skin stretching and bulging with each thrust as Chris' massive cock moved inside Aspen's young body. The wolf leans back down again, finding that stretch of presented throat, sniffs once, then *bites*.

The feeling blossoms in him correctly this time, the sense of an Alpha claiming an Omega as mated to him and him only, a possessive ownership marking the Omega as the Alpha's property and the Alpha as the father of all sons the Omega will ever have.

Starting with tonight. The wolf can almost *smell* it now, as the heat fully yawns with need inside Aspen's body, that when Chris finally finishes inside of him the boy – his son – will bear him a son of his own. It was getting harder to thrust now, each slam forward catching a little more firmly on the rim of Aspen's tight hole as Chris' knot began to balloon in earnest, a rutting Alpha ready to breed a heating Omega full of seed, round with pups. When at last it happens, when Chris tries to pull out and only feels the shockingly sore ache of the tug before being pulled back forward and *flooding* Aspen with cum, he collapses forward, panting and euphoric, pinning the boy underneath his much larger form, his face buried in the pillow beside Aspen's own flushed visage.

They lay like that for what seems like an eternity, Aspen whimpering needily, arms and legs wrapped around his father, Chris heavy on top of him, hot and heaving and dripping sweat. Slowly, Chris comes back into himself. The knot doesn't let go – it won't for nearly an hour – but the triggered rut has abated long enough for the man to resurface.

And see what he's done. With shaking arms he pushes himself up and looks over Aspen. His son looks *destroyed*, like he's been in a fight, his face red and sweaty, splattered with spit and drool, his hair half flat from where it beat against the wooden headboard and half wild from the friction against the pillow. His neck looks so frail now, thin and pale but for the shockingly red rivulets of blood dripping from four canine-deep punctures in his skin around a bruising hickey as dark as a plum and just as wide.

A mating mark.

The rest of him isn't any better, marked with wounds and violence Chris doesn't even remember committing. One nipple has been bit so hard it's still dented with teeth marks and red as lust. A line of smaller, less angry hickeys cover his stomach – usually flat, now slightly rounded from the still-pumping load of cum inside of him. His left armpit is pink and raw and half as hairy now as the other, licked so vigorously as to become almost smooth and hairless again.

His pants are destroyed. One leg of the pajamas had been ripped off entirely and thrown to the floor, the ragged waistband barely held together, the curve of his ass torn open and stained with cum and spit where they were tied together, the other leg shredded nearly to ribbons from claw marks that left thin ruby lines down the boy's long calf. They were supposed to wear these matching pjs for a photo the next morning. Ollie was going to be *furious*.

Fuck, *Ollie*. One by one Chris' sins sunk in as he processed what just occurred. With the restraint of a child receiving a candy bar, Chris had ravished their virgin son, triggered his first heat, and mated him full of a son in all in one go, all without discussing any of it with Ollie. And a mating bite was as good as marriage to werewolves, marking Aspen as a permanent new citizen of their bedroom and bed, to be fucked full of sons by one father in the bed they shared with the other for the rest of their lives. They had discussed it all before, sure, but always said it would be Aspen's choice, always said they'd present it to him when he showed signs of his first pre heat.

Instead, nearly an hour before Christmas, Chris had gluttoned himself on their son and claimed the boy's *entire life* without a single moment of true resistance. Chris felt tears, wet and shameful, begin to shine in his eyes. **“Fuck, Aspen, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry, I-”**

But Aspen just pulled his father down for a single slow, deep kiss. He took Chris' much larger hand and held it over his cum-rounded stomach, and breathlessly replied, **“Told you I... wanted baby brother for Christmas.”** He pressed their hands more firmly against his skin, firm enough that they could feel the shape of Chris' cock inside him as it continued to spurt seed deeper and deeper still, where even now the newest Burke son began to bloom within their eldest boy, beautiful, beautiful blond baby Aspen, sweet and lovely and –

“Mine. Forever.” Chris answered, a moment of wolf-brain seizing him again once he got confirmation that Aspen wasn't angry, wasn't hurt beyond repair. But still he shook it out again, frowned. **“Ollie, though. We were going to wait until-”**

“It's okay, baby.”

Ollie stood in the doorway, naked and hard, hand shining with his own load. He walked forward, sat on the edge of the bed beside where his husband was tied to their son, was *knocking up* their son, and presented his slick fingers to the boy like a treat at the county fair.

Aspen began to lick slowly like it was the most delicious thing in the world.

With his clean hand, Ollie pushed sweat-slick hair out of Chris' forehead and kissed him gently. **"Consider this my gift. To both of you. Aspen wanted a baby brother. And Aspen came to me a few weeks ago, saying that for Christmas, he wanted to give you a son, wanted to give you *all* of himself. I said if he was good and passed all his classes I'd see what I could do on both."**

Ollie smiled softly, ruffling Aspen's hair with his wet hand. **"All A's. So I took the bottle of special cologne and mixed about half of it into his bodywash. Told him if he was sure to clean himself very well when he showered Santa would bring him everything he wanted, including his gift to you."**

Chris stared. This was... organized. Ollie had consented, Ollie had *ensured* it would happen, didn't even explain it all to Aspen, just let his boy present himself as a gift to his father forever without full awareness of how the mechanism would leave them... Like this. Tied together. For an hour now as the knot held his cum inside long enough to take root and shape a son inside his newly active Omega womb, and for the rest of Aspen's life as a second spouse, a second wonderful partner in raising a second beautiful generation of Burkes.

Chris sobbed again, this time with joy, with relief, with gratitude. Ollie kissed him softly again. **"Merry Christmas, baby."** Aspen pulled his father back down once more and kissed him as well, sharing the lingering taste of Ollie's release. **"Merry Christmas, daddy."** He added. There were so many steps left. Registering Aspen as an Omega and as marked all at once, planning for the baby, moving Aspen into their room... But for now Chris just smiled, and squeezed Aspen's hand where they still rested, entwined over the growing son they just made together. **"Merry Christmas, baby boy. My beautiful baby boy."**

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